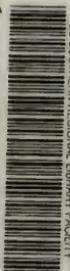


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SONGS

FROM

LONDON

TOWN.



By

Frank

Morgan.



For Owen,

From Mummy.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





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Songs
from
London Town.





SONGS
FROM
LONDON
TOWN.



By
Frank
Morgan.



William Hudson & Co.,
22 & 26, Red Lion Street,
High Holborn, London, w.c.

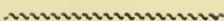


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LONDON: Printed and Published by WILLIAM HUDSON & Co.,
22 & 26, Red Lion Street, High Holborn.

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NOTE.



OF the verses in this volume, "The Song of England" is reproduced by permission of the proprietors of THE WAR OFFICE TIMES, in which Journal it appeared as a Supplement a few months back.

The issue of the book has been delayed, the original publishers, apparently misconceiving the purport of the Song, having requested me to either withdraw or considerably modify "The Few and the Many." I have however found a more intelligent, or at any rate a more courageous, publisher.

FRANK MORGAN.

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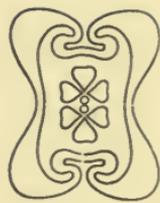
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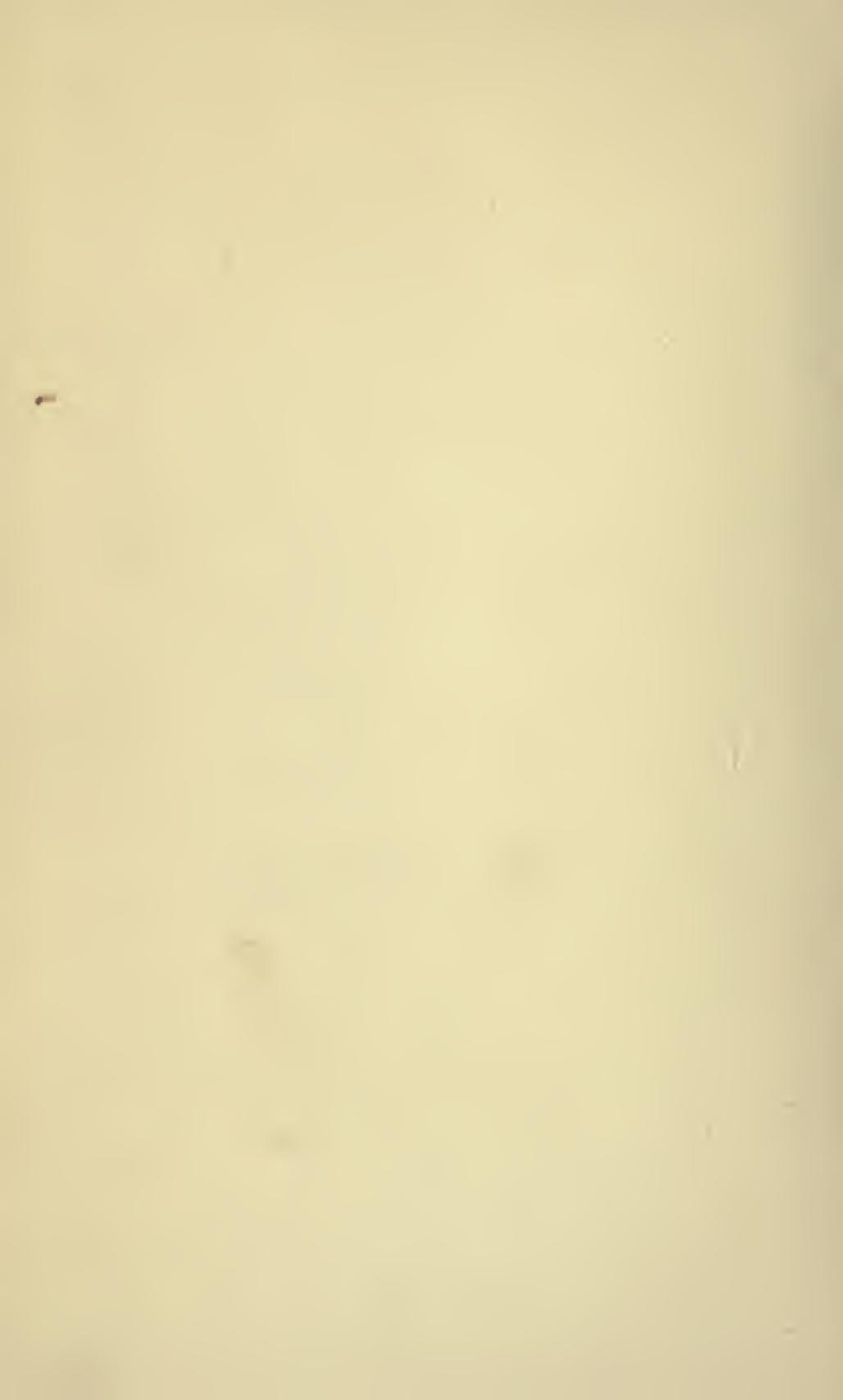
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PART I.



Songs from London Town.



PRELUDE: To Whom Sung.

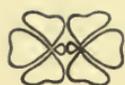
—o—o—o—
IF from some far distant Star,
If from Time and Space afar,
Re-incarnate I should be,
Love, I'd sing my Songs to thee.

Cold the printed page may seem,
Vague like some forgotten dream;
Take these verses as they be—
Love, I sing these Songs to thee.

Though the world may pass me by,
Though none heed the Poet's cry,
Constant listener there will be—
Love, my Songs are sung for thee.

Random verse from London Town,
If it gain some slight renown,
As to guerdon, let it be—
Love, my Songs are sung for thee.

Booklet, writ in Land of Dreams,
Love and Hope its constant themes;
Heart's desire, like sun-lit sea—
Love, I dedicate to thee.



Songs from London Town.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

SLEEPS the world. Yet roses red,
(Reverence the nameless dead,)
In full blossom. Flowers white
Seem blood-red in gloom of Night.

Passion flowers fill the nave,
(Step but soft o'er new made grave,)
Tender lilies wilt and blight
In the darkling hours of Night.

Fairest tendrils, sweet jasmine,
(Death-bells have a fearful din,)
Lose their beauty and their might
In the brooding of the Night.

Hush'd the nightingale and lark,
(Yet weird Voices haunt the Dark,)
Gibbering whispers. Dim of sight,
Mortals call these Winds of Night!



Voices heard in darken'd hours,
(When there sleep men, birds and flowers,)
Strangest happ'nings hid from sight
Seem to fill the mystic Night.



Souls communing in the gloom,
(Outcasts from Time's endless loom,)
Gone Life's joy and mad delight—
Now they throng the joyless Night.



These are Death's appall'd recruits
(Grave-plants have heart-twining roots).
Who are those with whom they fight?
Shadow Armies of the Night.



Sighs and lamentations keen,
Float from out the dread Unseen;
Ears that hear not, sightless sight,
Have no Visions of the Night.

Do the grave-folk rive their bonds?
Are those murmurs strange Death Songs?
Sad and piteous be the plight
Of the Wand'ers of the Night.



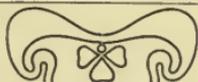
Under-world with folded hands,
Lying under grass clad lands;
Flowers above, all snowy white—
Yet blood-red throughout the Night.



Pray that both the Quick and Dead
May sleep restful in their bed:
Some will rise to greet the light,
Some have met the Lord of Night.



There are mysteries none can tell,
(Shall we know in Heaven or Hell?)—
Humbly pray the Lord of Light
May dispel the pall of Night.



THE PARTING.

—o'v'co—
WHEN my Day of Days has come,
When Life's weary round is done,
When there comes the setting sun,—
Think of me
With Charity.



When for aid I vainly call,
When I turn me to the wall,
When Death's terrors doth appal,—
Pray for me
With Charity.



Pray that in those lingering days
Into loving eyes I gaze,
See therein such sad amaze—
Full for me
Of Charity.



When from his recess in Hell
Comes to me dread Azazel,
Love shall weave a mighty spell,
Saving me
By Charity.

Love that never shall depart,
Turns aside Azazel's dart,
And revives my fainting heart—
 Ah! for me
 Sweet Charity.



Love with bright transfigured face,
With of fear no slightest trace,
Overcoming Time and Space,
 Fights for me
 By Charity.



When the World recedes afar,
When Earth's passions wane and jar,
Love comes as the Ev'ning Star,
 Succours me
 With Charity.



When the final debt I pay,
When I pass from Night to Day,
Love shall lead me all the way,
 Boundless, free—
 Sweet Charity!

A SONG OF ENGLAND



SING a Song of England's fame,
Vindicate her glorious name,
Let no enemy defame
The dear name of England.



Sing a Song of England's might
Based on Equity and Right,
Unashamed in Heaven's sight,
Sing a Song for England.



Sing a Song where'er ye be
For our sailor-men at sea,
Doing duty manfully
For our dear old England.



Sing a Song, O friends of mine,
For the gallant "thin red line,"
Who with courage tried and fine
Have fought for old England.

Grudge them not their rightful meed—
Bulldogs of true British breed,
Foremost in heroic deed,
 Singing Songs of England.



Sing a Song with loving thought
For the lads safe home in Port,
Who for us so bravely fought
 And have died for England.



Can you find those lads' compeers?
Famous for a thousand years—
Hastings, Agincourt, Poitiers—
 These are Songs of England.



Sing a Song of England's power,
Without fear when war clouds lower,
Justice her most precious dower,
 Sing a Song for England.



Sing a Song for King and Queen,
Of our Jewelled Isle supreme
Set in seas amethystine—
 England, our England.

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Britons all, both far and near,
Casting out all craven fear,
Tho' our foes blaspheme and sneer,
Sing a Song for England.



Song and work, go hand in hand,
Let us all united stand,
Striving for our dear old land,
Sing and work for England.



CONSECRATION.



WHEN the Priest with sacred leaven
Consecrated thee to Heaven,
When beneath the mellow light
Was fulfilled the holy rite,
Lo! a voice was heard to cry—
This child's Soul shall never die;
Father, Son, and Spirit say,
Walk ye in the Perfect Way.

THE HEAVENLY ARRAIGN.

*Some slay the body, some slay the soul,
Yet both stand for Murder in God's Holy Roll;
Injustice and Cruelty may quench Life's weak breath,
But the death of the Soul is the only real death.*

AT the Bar of God, on the Judgment Day,
When hearts shall be opened.—A dreadful
array
Of men from the Scaffold, of men from the Cell,
Of men from the Prison—that earthly made hell—
Will testify there
When all secrets are bare;
None can say nay,
At the Judgment Day.

The man from the Bench who sharpened his wit,
On the poor trembling wretch destined for the pit,
The Judge who regarded his fellows with scorn,
And ordered the lash that the flesh might be torn.

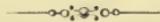
How will these fare
When all secrets are bare?
What will they say
At the Judgment Day?

The Merciless Judge whose deeds we can scan,
The cold-hearted Jurist who pitied no man,
Now stand at the Bar! The Pitiful One—
Will He have compassion for love of His Son?

His Justice declare
When all secrets are bare!
For God will repay
At the Judgment Day.



INVICTUS MANEO.



G OING forth on Life's Highway,
Death came very close one day;
"Long I've sought thee, Death," cried I,
"Mis'ry never fears to die."

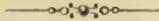


But Death swiftly passed along,
Striking 'midst the busy throng,
Those rejoicing, strong, content
With their life's environment.



Rich and poor must pass away—
Brief is mortal's longest day;
But reluctant comes Death's dart
To the Man who's stout of heart.

BABY MILLY.



DO you think it rather silly
That I'm very fond of Milly?
I am going down the hill;
Up the course comes sprightly Mill.
To the summit of Life's Hill
Full of hope comes little Mill.



Do you think it rather silly
That I'm very fond of Milly?
But the maid's so very fine,
And her father's friend o' mine.
To the summit of Life's Hill
Ever upward goes our Mill.



Do you think it rather silly
That I'm fond of Baby Milly?
But you'll be quite reconciled,
When you know she's my God-child.
To the summit of Life's Hill
In the sunshine goes our Mill.



Do you think it rather silly
That I'm fond of Baby Milly?
But while there's a God above,
Ne'er be 'shamed of honest love.
To the summit of Life's Hill
Goes God's daughter, little Mill.

BITTER SWEET.



LOVE and Wife!
Do'st remember, how one glittering Night,
Beneath the mystic silver wain,
We pledged each other: souls no longer twain?
And the stars above
Rejoiced, my Wife, my Love.



Love and Wife!
Do'st remember, the bright smiling Morn,
When 'midst bird-song and scent of flower,
We nestled in our perfect wedded Bower?
To Life's very end
My Love, my Wife, my Friend.



Love and Wife!
Do'st remember, the sad weeping Night,
When the Death Angel came: and there
We sat in silence by the vacant chair?
No bird-like song; no joyous strife.
All hushed. Poor heart-strick'n Wife!

* * * *

Husband mine!
Dim are the shadows of old time,
But ever comes the memory of my Dear.
Sweet is his presence; far, yet near—
O Holy, Blessed One,
Give back, give back, my son!

THE WEARY DAY.

—o—o—o—o—
AH! the weary day,
With the leaden hours,
And the wither'd flowers,
And the words one would unsay.



Ah! the weary day,
With the vacant chair,
And the brooding care,
And the loved one far away.



Ah! the weary day,
With the unshed tear,
And the nameless fear,
And of light no single ray.



Ah! the weary day,
With the heart aflame,
And the flush of shame,
And the lov'd one gone astray.

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Ah! the weary day,
With no Morning Star,
And all hope afar,
And no strength or faith to pray.



Ah! the weary day,
With no Song of Light,
But a Dirge of Night—
“Parted ever and for aye!”



Ah! the weary day,
With the shatter'd soul,
And the grassy knoll,
In the graveyard far away.



PART II.



Love Songs from London Town.

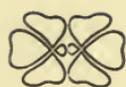


Songs of The Beyond.



Songs of Unrest.





Love Songs from London Town.

LA MORT D'AMOUR.

I.

'T WAS only yester-week
We pledged each other: Soul to soul
By Heaven sent.



And God was in His sky;
The soaring birds sang blithe
With sweet content.

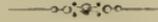
II.

Once more, at yester-e'en,
We met. And, lo! our hearts were dead—
Love's bow unbent.



The sky was leaden grey,
No Heav'nly songster piped
A Sacrament.

ALWAY.



If all goes well,
Sweetheart,
Down Life's smooth Sea we'll glide,
And in sweet peace abide—
If all goes well.



On stormy day,
My Love,
We'll stand firm side by side,
And face the surging tide
Without dismay.



If riches fly,
Belovèd,
What matters it? We two
Will face Life's fight anew
Without a sigh.



If shame approach,
Dear Heart,
Though all the world condemn,
Thou art my King of Men—
Above reproach.



For I am thine
Always ;
And time, or change, or Fate
Can never separate
Thy love from mine.

IN THE GOLDEN DAYS.

HE.

WHEN Cupid was a little boy,
And Love was shy and sweet and coy,
The world was then much younger.

SHE.

But now those Golden Days have gone,
For Love stands tattered and forlorn,
And dreams of cold and hunger.

HE.

Still, Cupid sings as blithe to-day
As when he carolled his first lay,
To Eve and Adam's sweet amaze.

SHE.

The Song and Singer now are old,
And Love's fierce fires extinct and cold,
For Cupid's reached the End of Days.

TOGETHER.

Still, we'll enjoy the passing hour,
Abiding in sweet Cupid's bower :
For Love's a very perfect Dower.

THE MESSAGE.



LOVE and Life, the Poets say,
Like the Shadows pass away,
Vain as lovers' sighs.



Love a shadow? Nay, in truth,
Do I not read clear disproof
In my Darling's eyes?



Time's the Shadow; Love and Life
Shall outlast discord and strife:
True Love never dies.



Take this Message to my Dear—
Love that casteth out all fear,
Love that Time defies.

LOVE'S PROCLAMATION.



[*In mediaeval times it was the fashion for knights to make, at the commencement of a tournament or joust, a public declaration of the virtues and merits of their respective Ladies.*]



I,

MY Love's face to me is bright
In the gloaming and the night:
This I do declare and say,
In the fulness of the day.

II.

And I further do declare,
By the glory of her hair,
My Love's image like the Sun
Ever doth abide with one.

III.

Night and Day, by land and sea,
My Love's smile comes sweet to me:
This I do declare and say,
Both in gloaming, night and day.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT LOVE CAN DO ?



DO you know what Love can do?
That is, if the love be true—
And true lovers there be few.
Love can make the weakest strong,
Love can work the whole day long,
Singing ever its sweet song.
Love must have no leav'n of self:
This is Love's most perfect wealth.



Do you know what Love can say?
That is, if it's love to stay,
And such love's not every day.
Love can make the boldest meek,
Love can make the silent speak
Golden words, when lovers meet.
Love must have no leav'n of self:
This is Love's most perfect wealth.



Do you know the power of Love?
If it cometh from above,
Only that is perfect Love.

WHO WILL TELL MY LOVE FOR ME?



WHO will tell my love for me,
Take the Message o'er the sea—
To my Dear?



Who will sing my Songs for me,
Songs of love and constancy,
Sweet and clear?



Who will tell without disguise
All my needs, my lover's sighs,
Without fear?



Tho' I vow I fain would greet,
Such a one I ne'er shall meet
Far or near.



Go, dear bird, and take for me
This true message o'er the sea
To my Love.

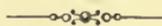
Carry all my heart's desire,
Full of constancy and fire,
Thou fond dove.



Go, sweet bird, and sing for me,
Ever let the refrain be—
Love, true Love!



MEMORY.



I.

THOUGH the stern decree of Fate
Parts from me my dearest Mate,
As the longest lane must end,
This Love Message I now send.

II.

As the brilliance of a Star
Travels to us from afar,
So to me, though separate,
Comes the mem'ry of my Mate.

LOVE'S WORK.



WHEN the World was very young,
'Ere the Poets' songs were sung,
Love the Conqu'ror was supreme.



Now the World is very old,
Love, alas! is bought and sold—
Constancy a passing dream.



Is it strange the Gods contemn
All the vows of fickle men—
Lust and Hate their constant theme?



Yet, false vows are loaded dice ;
As for me, let Love suffice—
Honour, Truth, and Faith redeem



Thus, Love's work is never done,
Tho' the World's no longer young
And the Poets' songs are sung.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

—o:~:~:~:—
COME

From the Unknown Sea,
To my desirous Soul;
Then will my life be whole:
I wait for Thee!

☞
Come

From the Mountain Height,
Where hangs the eyrie-nest,
Pure as my Love's white breast—
Come, Heart's Delight!

☞
Come

From the Morning Cloud,
Where distant throstles soar;
And I shall ask no more,
With thee endowed.

☞
Come

From the Great Beyond,
And link thy soul with mine:
This till the end of time
Is Love's true bond.

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Come
From the Azure Gate,
Filling my soul with fire,
Inflaming Love's desire—
Thou art my Fate!

Come
From the Mystic Night,
And steep my soul in bliss
With Love's desiring kiss—
And keen delight.

Come
From the Further Star,
Lo! thou hast tarried long,
Thou art my Morning Song—
Near, yet afar!

Come
From the Holy Place
With purest love, that I
May, with enraptured cry,
Behold thy face.

Come
From Elysian Field,
And I my Love shall see,
In swooning ecstasy—
Mine eyes unsealed!

Songs of The Beyond.



VIA DOLOROSA.



GRANT us a Sign, O God!
As we pass under Judgment rod.
We have hidden our Dead away
And, when we have striven to pray,
Have been filled with a Nameless Fear,
As we stood by the loved one's Bier.



The Book and the widest of creeds
Suffice not to meet all our needs.
As Thy judgments before it unroll,
The fevered, the agonised Soul
Is filled with that Nameless Fear,
And ever it mirrors a Bier.

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

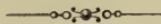
Is Death Life's final defeat?
Or is it the Life made complete?
O Father! O Brother Divine!
Wilt Thou not grant us a Sign—
That counting all other as loss
Will transform that Bier to a Cross?



We have passed under Judgment rod,
Grant us a Sign, O God!
We ask Thee to touch our dim sight,
We pray Thee to give us Thy Light—
Then shall we, casting out Fear,
Follow our loved and our dear.



LIFE'S SECRET.



SEEK ye Rest?
There is no Rest in Life
Where all is rush and strife—
There is no Rest.



Seek ye Peace?
There is no Peace on Earth
Till there be a New Birth—
There is no Peace.

Seek ye Love?
True love must come unsought,
True love can ne'er be bought—
For Love is Life.



THE BAPTISM OF PAIN.



FORGET it not, that Death and Life,
Like Pain and Joy, or Peace and Strife,
Are born together—Sisters twain:
Lo! I have been baptised with Pain.

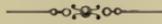


When Azrael the Angel dread
Came hovering o'er my pain-toss'd bed,
A Woman, with a constant heart,
Swift turned aside the flaming dart.



Yes! I have been baptised with Pain,
And wandered down that awful lane
Whence few return. My homeward Guide,
A Woman, constant, true and tried.

THE DUAL LIFE.



FOR every Soul there is a Double,
One for joy and one for trouble :
One who would with Angels dwell,
One who seeks the Lower Hell.



To every man there comes a day,
When he must either curse or pray ;
When face to face and eye to eye,
He must that Double slay—or die.



No other choice can ever be,
From that dread strife no man can flee ;
And every mortal with God's breath
Decides that day for Life or Death.



For every Life there is a Double,
One for joy and one for trouble,
One for peace and one for strife,
One for Death and one for Life.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.



DEAR Lord, who died upon the tree,
How shall I truly worship Thee?
How shall I spread Thy name abroad?
How shall I magnify my Lord?



Amid the throng that crowd the aisle,
Within the incense-laden pile,
I sought for Thee the weary day,
But could not find the Perfect Way.



In the calm solitude of cell,
To save my little soul from hell,
I prayed and fasted day and night,
And found thereby no Heavenly Light.



Then my poor starving, fainting soul
Cried: "Thou alone can make me whole;
Lo! thou God-Man, who died for me,
Teach me to truly worship Thee."

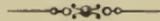
Across the Heavenly Fields afar
Came a soft radiance as a Star—
“Thine own poor soul cannot be free,
Till thou in work doth worship Me.”



We shall not save our souls from hell
By prayers in church, or lonely cell;
But only by self-sacrifice
Can we inherit Paradise.



THE TASK.



WHEN the Master's Task is done,
Then the Servant's joy's begun,
With the rising of the sun.



When from out that awful gloom
Came the Fiat of Man's doom,
Went the Master to the tomb.

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Love, more boundless than the sea,
Swept away that stern decree,
Overcame Gethsemane.



Then the Heavens opened wide,
And rejoicing Angels cried :
“ For a World our Master died.”



Hark! that loud triumphant cry :
“ Peace on Earth, goodwill on High,
No repentant Soul shall die.”



Sin and hate and foul desire,
All consumed by holy fire,
Sinners plucked from out the mire.



Passion, discord and deceit,
All down trod by Holy feet,
Till the Master's work's complete.

* * * *

Now the Master's task is done ;
Now the Servant's joy's begun,
Till the setting of the sun.

Songs of Unrest.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

REJOICE! ye rich and nobly born,
(What matters serfs all hunger-worn?)
Enjoy the fruits of teeming Earth,
Ye are the rich of noble birth!
*There is a Book in which men say,
It is proclaimed God will repay.*

Suffer! ye poor, with weary sigh,
Who have not even learn'd to die;
What recks your suff'ring, keen and great,
To the proud souls of high estate?
*There is a Book in which men say,
It is proclaimed God will repay.*

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

The servile Priest bids you obey
Those who enjoy the Passing Day ;
Crouch lower, serfs!—it is your fate
To serve the men of high estate.

*There is a Book in which men say,
It is proclaimed God will repay.*



Art discontent? Thy daughters sell.
And afterward? The Poor-House hell!
To this ye must come soon or late—
What care the men of high estate?

*There is a Book in which men say,
It is proclaimed God will repay.*

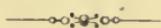


God will repay! But man must aid ;
That debt should quickly be repaid.
Sunder thy chains! Repay the hate
Long shown by those of high estate.

*We gather from the Book of Life
The way to Freedom is through strife.*



THE NEW GOSPEL.



I.

SHALL I rest in humble cot,
Satisfied with lowly lot?
Or my soul with wrath be spent—
Filled with noble discontent?

II.

Not with things of Heaven or Hell,
Chanting hymns of sweet Noël;
Let this Message true be sent—
Be thou filled with discontent.

III.

Upwards, as the Earth-sparks fly,
Let thy Soul soar ever high!
To this World true Men are sent,
To be filled with discontent.

IV.

Like a new discovered Star,
Shining in the Heav'ns afar,
Light, to men of God descent,
Comes from noble discontent.

V.

Let this be the Gospel New,
Everlasting, ever true :
From dull sloth comes "quiet content,"
Out of strife comes betterment.

VI.

To this end did Jesus fight,
'Gainst a World devoid of light ;
And the struggle still proceeds,
In a World of unjust deeds.

VII.

Whilst a Brother's in Sin's mesh,
Whilst a Sister sells her flesh,
Let this be my Sacrament—
Soul of mine, be discontent !



THE HOUSE OF SHAME.

—o-o; o; o—
HOUSE of Shams and House of Shame,
Byword of the British name ;
Filled with small men miscalled "great,"
Thwarting Progress in the State.

House of Shams, this lordly pen,
Thronged with ancient, fossil men ;
"Men of God" within the fold,
Not disdaining earthly gold.

Bulwarks of the Faith these be,
Faith more strong than charity ;
Holy men, serene and sage,
Praying for—more patronage!

House of Shams and House of Shame,
Ever ready to defame
Those who stand for Truth and Right,
Those who for their fellows fight!

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Listen ! how the heathen rage—
Relics of the old Stone Age,
Some with open grasping hands,
Sons of frail Royal courtesans.



Time it is the farce should end,
House of Shams no man can mend ;
Noble hucksters sold and bought
For a petty place at Court.



Lackeys, courtiers, senile band !
Smite, O friends, with ruthless hand—
House of Shams and House of Shame,
For the credit of our name.



THE FEW AND THE MANY.



YE who dwell in London Town,
And with mis'ry are bowed down,
With nowhere to lay your head,
Like our Lord, the Living Dead;
To the Rich your sorrows tell—
Thou accursed Ishmael!

*Ye are many; they are few.
Brothers, to yourselves be true.*



From your unclean kennels creep,—
In the depths a Lower Deep;
Come ye forth, display your woe
To the Rich who love ye so!
Who have, to your sore despite,
Garnered wealth by fraud and might.

*Saddest sight on earth it be—
Men content with poverty.*

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Heavy-laden, gaunt, and lean,
Ye are Life's sad Might-Have-Been.
Haply your poor women-folk
May unclasp your crushing yoke ;
Or, in the Flesh Market-Place
Do they stand ? Yea, drape your face !
Brother mine, with soul aflame
Ye are in the Pit of Shame.

Basest slaves in History's Roll
Are the men enslaved in soul.
Slaves and Serfs, stand ye upright,
Be as Men in God's own sight !
Rise and sweep your foes away,
And no man shall say ye nay.
From the few who hold the soil,
Wrest from them the tithe of toil.

Is it strange the Drones contemn
Spirit-broken, servile men,
Buy your daughters, grind ye down—
Slaves and Serfs of London Town ?
Shameful Drones, to whom the lewd
Is the true Beatitude !
"He who works not shall not eat"—
Take from such the wine and meat.

The fair Earth was made for you,
Not alone for Chosen Few.
How can ye to Heav'n aspire,
With no spark of Freedom's fire?
Slaves and Serfs, where'er they dwell,
Are but fit for deepest hell.

*Ye are many; they are few.
Brothers, to yourselves be true.*



THE COMING DAY.



WHY is it that when I pray
For the Coming of the Day,
Asking for the things I lack,
Lo, no answer cometh back?



Why is it that all I ask,
Simply strength for daily task,
Cometh not; that pain and care
Seem the response to my prayer?

SONGS FROM LONDON TOWN.

Why is it that evil deeds,
Springing up like poison weeds,
Seem to flourish—Foul Desire
Overcoming Holy Fire ?



Why is it that o'er the Earth
Reeking with unholy mirth,
Ask it urgent as we may,
Seems no dawn of Coming Day ?



Comes the answer trumpet clear,
Banishing all craven fear :
“ Help your Brother ! Then you may
Hail with joy the Coming Day.”



THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

I.

STANDING on the Lower Plane,
Singing songs of Joy and Pain,
Songs of Love and Constancy,
Songs for those who would be free;
Lo! I lay this off'ring down
From the heart of London Town.



Singing with some little zest
(Every man should do his best);
Waiting for the Coming Day,
Striving for the good that may
Change the darksome mists to light,
In this Town of Dreadful Night.

II.

Haply on the Higher Plane
Some faint echo or refrain
Of these Songs of Hope and Fear
May ascend to heavenly ear;
For to every man is given
Mystic links with those in Heaven.



And our needs are e'en so great—
Mortals tempest-tossed by Fate—
That the feeblest verse may breed
Love: undying, golden seed.
This I ask and not renown,
For these "Songs from London Town."

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